BRISBANE
THIS WEEK

Pass the Patman Bill
They Love King George
Parachutes?
Puzzle for Solomon

The senate votes, 55 to 33, to pay the veterans their bonus in cash. That vote, not being a two-thirds vote, would not overrule the Presidential veto, which is expected.

Arthur Brisbane

The Patman Bill, wisely approved, gives the veterans their money to spend in their way for things they want. Under that bill veterans are to be paid with new money. That money as soon as received would all vanish, in purchases in every corner of the United States.

New United States money is exactly as good as new bonds, since paper dollars and paper bonds get all their value from the name of the government printed on them. There are no longer any gold payments promised or implied. If government money is not good, government bonds are not good.

President Roosevelt, congratulating King George, says: "It is gratifying to contemplate the wise and steadfast influence which your majesty has exerted for a quarter of a century." That was about all that the President, with the best of intentions, could say, for the British ruler's popularity is based on sticking to his job, which is, letting his people alone, while they attend to their business in their own way.

The king seems to think that those who have built the greatness of the British empire to its present height may be trusted to continue building it. Some "best minds" here feel that any success or progress in the United States has been in spite of one law or accident, under bad management, and needs to start again on a new page.

Time will tell whether a government policy of "let them alone" or "tell them how" is the better.

Five killed, eight injured, in an airplane crash. The dead were members of Cutting of New Mexico, who will be deeply regretted by his state and by the senate.

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Eight million young women in Germany are unmarried. The government invites 325,000 of them to marry "healthy, virile, hereditary farmers."

To lead the unmarried German girl to the "virile, hereditary farmer" may be easier than making her marry him.

A liner has come to new owners under twenty-five years of age to serve one year on farms before they can take other jobs.

Once you begin to tell human beings how they must live, life becomes complicated.

Pope Pius, addressing 130 German pilgrims, spoke plainly about Germany's present Hitler government:

"They wish in the name of so-called positive Christianity to decristianize Germany, and they wish to conduct the country back to barbaric paganism, and nothing is left undone to disturb Christian and Catholic life."

The pope's words referred to the unpleasant welcome home of 2,000 young German pilgrims that went to Rome to receive the papal blessing.

Harry L. Hopkins, federal emergency relief administrator, uses language as plain as that of Mussolini or Stalin. He finds that we have in America a class of "oppressors," rich men, and promises that that small, oppressive, business minority "who extol poverty and profits in the same breath" shall be made contents in the "new order" that is coming.

One English town will celebrate the king's Jubilee by distributing free beer. Might it not be a good idea to make light beer part of the regular food supply of men in this government's CCC camps?

Minus government tax, it would cost little, keep men contented, abolish or diminish complaints of some workers spending their small supplies of money with bootleggers.

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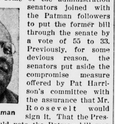
WNU SERVICE.

News Review of Current Events the World Over

Senate Passes Patman Bonus Bill in Face of Presidential Veto—Amelia Earhart Makes Another Fine Record Flight.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD
© Western Newspaper Union.

BECAUSE the Patman inflation bonus bill would be easier for the President to veto than the Vinson measure, some of the administration senators joined with the Patman followers to put the former bill through the senate by a vote of 55 to 33. Previously, for some devious reason, the senators put aside the compromise measure offered by Pat Harrison's committee with the assurance that Mr. Roosevelt would sign it. That the President would veto the Patman bill was taken as a certainty and it was believed the inflationists could not gather enough votes to override the veto in the senate, though they had enough in the house.



Rep. Patman

Rather surprisingly, Senator William G. McAdo- of California, a former secretary of the treasury, advocated the Patman bill, asserting that it was "a mere conjecture" that the issue of $2,200,000,000 in noninterest bearing notes, or greenbacks, would be inflationary.

"We have nothing in the United States today but greenbacks," he said. "Is your money redeemable in gold? Is it redeemable in silver? No. It is redeemable in nothing but the honor and good faith of the American people.

"What constitutes inflation is a matter of conjecture. It is also a mere conjecture that we must have a so-called specie basis. The best proof of that is that, since going off gold, the dollar is as sound as it ever was.

"The issuance of $2,000,000,000 in currency would affect the credit of the United States about as much as if I threw a shovelful of sand into the ocean and tried to stop the incoming tide."

TWO billion dollars of the works relief fund were segregated for immediate distribution by the works' Cutting of New Mexico, who will be deeply regretted by his state and by the senate.

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GOLDEN DAWN

By PETER B. KYNE

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SYNOPSIS

Theodore Gatlin adopts a baby, "Penelope," in an effort to solve his matrimonial troubles. But his wife has never wanted her, and their affairs end in the divorce court. At a baseball game a ball strikes ten-year-old Penelope on the nose. Mrs. Gatlin takes the child to Europe. Gatlin, who is about to lose all his money, starts on a motor search for Penelope. When a motor accident ends his life, Stephen Burt, a young San Francisco physicianist, is presented with a doll personality, for which her self is in part responsible. Dr. Burt does not think she is a child and obtains Burt's testimony in her behalf. Lanny, the doctor's office boy, is also won over. Nance's criminal record outweighs Doctor Burt's explanation of her case and she is sent to the San Quentin penitentiary. Nance escapes, although shot, and goes to Lanny's apartment, from where, by McNamara's orders, she is removed to the latter's home. From one of the men in the boat on which Nance's real name is Penelope Gatlin. He also discovers that she is wanted in his official capacity. Lanny finds her in her apartment, asleep. Knowing detectives are on her trail, she disappears, and Mrs. Nance learns that she has sailed for France.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued —19—

"Santa Claus has been good to you this time, hasn't he? Well, are you both willing to go back to your regular jobs now?"

Flynn threw the money on the editor's desk. "We swore an oath—" he began, but McNamara cut him short.

"So have I!" he reminded Flynn fiercely.

"We know every move you've made in this case," Flynn shouted.

"And I know every move you were going to make before you made it."

Angered, Flynn reached in his pocket. "Come on, Flynn," he urged.

"I can't be called off for money," Flynn persisted stubbornly.

Dan McNamara swept the money in his desk into the drawer. "The widows and orphans of the Policemen's Benevolent Association will appreciate it," he said. "Now get out of here, both of you. I'm busy."

Flynn sighed deeply and went out. Fifteen minutes later he came back and said humbly: "Chief, I've changed my mind."

Alas! McNamara was Irish, too. He glanced at the clock. "You're fifteen minutes late, so I'll fine you two hundred and fifty dollars for carelessness and impudence and disloyalty and housebreaking."

"I got you for this, McNamara!"

"I don't think so. My advice to you, Pat Flynn, would be to quit cadging me with TNT. I've known detective-sergeants to be taken for a ride."

"Threatening me, eh?"

"Not at all. I wouldn't harm a hair of your red-headed head for the way, red hair in the Irish is a sign that they breed back to the Danes and Swedes. A pure-bred Irishman would know enough to lay off a girl with powerful and implacable friends. All you were after was a hundred and twenty-five dollars—half the state reward for recapturing that jailbird—and when she sends you double that you're not sport enough to meet her half-way."

"I took an oath," Flynn mumbled.

"You should have taken a physic." Well, I did take an oath, myself, and I'll never forgive you those cruel and unfair words."

"Well, you shadowed my house and entered it unlawfully."

"Well, I found a lipstick—"

"Belonged to the nurse I had look after a sick friend of mine," the chief lied glibly.

But Flynn only grinned ferociously. "I found unlawful bandages, too."

"Well, the pot can't get nowhere by calling the kettle black," McNamara decided. "Clear out!"

"Give me the money and I'll lay off."

But Dan McNamara shook his head. "I know your kind, Pat. There's no sense wasting good money on you because you won't stay bought. Clear out, I tell you."

So Flynn cleared out, carrying with him infinitely more respect for his chief than he had heretofore entertained. Well, some day he'd collect fancy interest on that two hundred and fifty dollars.

• • • •

The last patient had left Stephen Burt's office for the day and the ever watchful Lanny had locked the office door.

"Tired, Stevie?" she queried anxiously. Her hand took his pipe.

"No, of course not," he replied abruptly. "What have I done to be tired?"

"Well, you had another session with that terrible Mrs. Merton."

"She doesn't worry me any more. She merely excites my sympathy. Still sleepless, of course, and still bothered about her poor devil of a husband. She's had detectives on his trail for a month. They've cost her ten dollars a day each and they haven't discovered anything to Merton's discredit."

"It's about time for Merton to commence hearing voices of sorts," Lanny commented dryly. "Highball, Stevie?"

"Yes, thank you, Lanny," he said, and deigned Lanny with his sunny smile. "Yes, Mrs. Merton is hearing voices. Her first husband was a dead beeps whispering through space to her. That's trying to tell her how sorry he is. I understand he made a dirty will."

"He would—if he had any common sense. What a poor, beaten devil Merton is! He hasn't the courage of a mouse."

"What can he do, Lanny? His wife is unbalanced, but if he swears out a warrant charging her with insanity, she'll snap out of her lunacy. Mrs. Merton isn't sufficiently insane to be incarcerated. And she's a beautiful woman, well-to-do, respectable. Merton couldn't get to first base on an insanity warrant."

"Then why doesn't he divorce her on grounds of mental cruelty?"

"The man's chivalrous and profoundly sympathetic. Besides, he hasn't any witnesses to prove a charge of mental cruelty. And he can't run away from her, because he has a thriving business he may not abandon. I told her again today not to come to my office any more; that I could do nothing for her; that she was a nuisance—and to try some other doctor. She went out in a rage."

Lanny jumped up. "Now who do you suppose that is knocking? Your office hours are plainly printed on the door."

"Oh, Lanny, don't be so hard-boiled. Let the patient in."

"Who's there?" Lanny shouted angrily.

"Oh! So it's you, is it? I knew you were there," the voice of Dan McNamara shook his head.

Lanny unlocked the door. "Lucky for you you're not a nut, Dan. Stevie and I are just planning one on."

"I'll join you, if that's the case." McNamara proffered his huge hand that resembled nothing so much in life as a bunch of bananas. "Howdy, Medico." He planted himself in the visitors' chair.

"You have news of Nance Belden, Stephen challenged.

"Gobs of it, Doctor."

Lanny entered with a highball, "I had a letter from Nance yesterday, Dan. She's in Paris. Can you beat that?"

"I can," McNamara replied coolly. "She's got an apartment at twenty-seven Rue St. Honore, a cook, a maid, and a chauffeur who drives her around in a Citroen car. And she's having her picture painted."

"She's written you, too, then?"

"Not a line. I have my information from the prefect of police of Paris."

"Dan, you're marvelous!"

"How do you know, Lanny, she's living with her normal personality."

"How do you know?"

"She registered as required by law, under her real name of Penelope Gatlin. I've known her name since the day after her escape from San Quentin."

McNamara proceeded to relate the task he had previously related to Stephen, who had neglected to retail it to Lanny. "Well, if this isn't a b—l of a tale, Dan!" he said.

"Does it beat your news, Lanny?"

"Beats it by a mile, although while she was at my house she told me as much about herself as she could remember."

"This morning," McNamara continued, "the president of the Security Trust company telephoned me that the girl's mother had called him up to ask if Penelope had been cashing any checks lately. The banker gathered that the mother has a notion her daughter's dead. He doesn't like the idea of having to wait seven years to have the girl declared officially dead before she can lay claim to Penelope's estate."

"Did you find out the name of her mother?" Stephen asked.

"Oh, yes. She's married again, you understand. Naturally she didn't get any information out of the banker, except to her, and it was none of her business whether Penelope has been cashing checks or not."

"Get the girl's case record, Lanny," Stephen commanded. "What is her mother's name, Chief?"

"Mrs. Rudolph Merton."

"She's a patient of Stevie's!" Lanny yelled. "She's such a nut she squirrels chase her."

Stephen finished writing and laid down his pen. "I told you, Lanny, that Mrs. Merton wasn't insane enough to be confined."

"Guess I've got Lanny's news beaten, after all, Stephen. This Mrs. Rudolph Merton is the girl's foster-mother."

"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!" cried Lanny. "How do you know? Did the banker tell you?"

"No. I dug the information up myself."

"Why? How?"

"Why? I wanted to investigate the girl's fortune. So yesterday I had a copy of the will and a copy of the appraisal of the estate made at the courthouse in San Jose and sent up to me. Gatlin stated in the will that he left all of his estate to his beloved adopted daughter, Penelope Gatlin. At the time of his death his estate was worth practically half a million dollars and has since doubled in value. Nance Belden is a lost heiress."

"Not wholly lost," Stephen reminded him. "Some times men she remembers who she is and that she has money."

"She doesn't know anything about her mother," Lanny declared. "I asked her, but she could tell me nothing. And she was Penelope Gatlin when I asked her."

"There is a reason for that." Doctor Burt's scientific mind was already racing along the new trail. "Penelope has had a wretched childhood; she knew nothing but unhappiness up to the time she received the shock that threw her mental gears out of mesh. She hated her mother with a terrible hatred. Feared her, probably. Then she made up her mind to forget her mother. And the will to forget was so strong that she succeeded.

"Not only did she forget her mother but her entire past life as well. Well, she ran away, and she'll never find her way back until she acquires sufficient courage to face the old issues again, surmount them and defeat them."

"But is that possible?" McNamara asked.

"Quite. She will have to have assistance and the sort of treatment I think I can give her, and she must have assurance that never again will she be subjected to the old unhappiness. Then she will remember!"

"Get over to Paris as quick as you can," McNamara commanded, "or she'll be stealing the Eiffel tower."

"Stephen can spare you," he decided.

"It's got to be," McNamara urged. "Nance fled the town with a letter of credit for ten thousand, but she'll go through that like a weasel through a rat hole. She's bankroll with you, Lanny, and when you get there take charge of her funds."

"And what is to be done over one while you're there," Stephen urged.

"There's a hitch," said Lanny. "The girl evidently got a passport in New York—"

"Not in New York. In San Francisco," McNamara interrupted.

"Well, still a strange photograph on her passport get her back into the United States?"

"She can get to the American consul in Paris, and present proof that she's the same woman with a different nose," Stephen said.

"She'll do nothing of the sort," McNamara was very emphatic. "When her trail is lost it will be lost forever. Lanny, when you have that new nose job on Nance girl, have half a dozen new passport photographs of her taken, and send them over to me. The seal of the United States of America is on the passport and covers a part of the photograph. I know a man that'll make me a seal that would fool the American eagle himself. We'll fit it down over the old seal and stamp the new photograph. Then I'll send it back to you—and any God have mercy on my soul, for you can blackmail me for that the balance of my life," Dan cried.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Naming the U. S. A.

The name United States of America is really an evolutionary product, a name which began to develop as soon as the colonists banded themselves together, notes a writer in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Some of the old local colonies are still called "The United States of America." The Declaration of Independence asserts "that these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent states." It also speaks of them as the United States of America. So do the Articles of Confederation and Constitution. The "authority" by which the name is used is that of the people, as delegated to the Continental congress and the other bodies which shaped the form of our government.

Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—Well all I know is just what I read in the papers That is generally thats all I know, but I

have n't been reading em so much lately. I been busy on a Movie. Its called In Old Kentucky. It never was fortunate enough to see it, but I heard a lot about it. It was written by Mr Dazey. He has a son Frank Dazey thats a fine scenario writer, and also his wife is a dandy scenario writer. She is called Agnes Johnson.

When our youngest kid Jimmy was about 12 he used to play polo. He had a couple of little old ponies, and he played quite a bit with the women, Agnes Johnson played, and Jim had heard all the other women call her "Aggie" so he used to holler, "Leave it Aggie, leave it Aggie!" My wife told him he shouldent call a Lady by her first or nick name. Jim said "Well when you are going so fast and you want her to leave the ball, you havent got time to say a lot of names. I cant holler leave it Mrs Agnes Johnson Dazey. The game would be over by then."

Well I got to get back to old Kentucky. Of course I dont know how much our picture will be like the original Old Kentucky play. Anyhow we are having a lot of fun making it. We are working out at a fine stock ranch owned by Mr Cralston Burke, the head of California Racing Commission. He and his Commission are the ones that kept racing on such a high plane out here and it was such a success. He breeds some very fine horses, he and Mr Nell McCarty, one of Los Angeles most prominent attorneys.

You know this horse breeding and raising has become a great fad not only out here, but all over the Country. Never was the game so popular as now. Well I have just been up further with him with those beautiful young thoroughbred colts, and their mothers and had raced on famous tracks and some had made great records and won many many thousands of dollars. This Mr Carty is a nut on breeding strains, and remembering who begat who. You know England is great for that. I was over there at a big English Estate for lunch, and more women than men, and for once in my life I never got to say a word. All the whole talk was "Sires, damms, gets, foals, and this strain was a bit stronger, and that strain was a bit stronger." Not a word about the Republicans or the Democrats and I couldent get in a word edgewise.

• • • •

But say those English sure do know breeding, of course they have to, for there is nothing nicer than the raising of a nice animal of any description. Those great racing stock farms out from Lexington Kentucky are the greatest sight in America when that rich country out there with a skin of golden chestnut that glistens like gold in the sun, and the old darky that takes care of him has a monologue that goes just like one of those tourist guides. He knows till he is finished the whole thing. See some old nigger looking away back mare with a colt tugging at her, and maybe five years ago 50 thousand people were standing bidding her name.

It must be a great thrill to breed a horse yourself and then have them win a race, like the Kentucky Derby or the Santa Anita Handicap.

You know in the Argentine they have some very fine horses, and among the wealthy polo playrers, it is almost considered a disgrace to ride a horse in your string that you did not breed yourself. They even have big ranches out from Buenos Aires and they break them in and have them after cattle, so they are really cow ponies, but thoroughbreds. Averil Harriman in this Country breeds his string, and some others but not so many.

Thoroughbreds are a nervous, hutty lot. I like an old gentle, kind of dopey horse, that is, I mean, to ride around, but not on.

I want one you kinder got to work your jaws up and kinder nudge him in the ribs around at every step. We have a lot of pretty fine trails out here and they are plenty now and steep sometimes, and there is a lot of difference in the way different horses negotiate em.

I saw the English Derby one time, I think it was 1906 and a horse named Spearmint, (I think it was) won it, but I wasent chewing much gum then, and dident bet on him. I also in 1905 saw the Melbourne Cup race in Melbourne, Australia. We were showing there with Wells Brothers Circus. I think there was forty five starters, run on grass track and they run the opposite way. It comes pretty near being as great a race as there is in the World. Those people out there just bet everything in the world on that race, and the forty five horses all finished within four lengths of each other with six overlapping the winner. Boy, there was a horse race, and they have em that good every year.

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Uncommon Sense

By John Blo

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Make friends, but don't depend them.

Depend on Yourself

You have to s when you get into trouble, to ask o people to help you out.

You got into it, and it's your b ness to get out again.

Leaning on other people soon ma an end of self-reliance.

And without self-reliance you will a pretty poor kind of a citizen.

I have known many men, young old, who made it a practice to g their friends when they got into kind of trouble, financial or otherw

None of them ever got anywhe, ever did anything in the world d was worth doing.

• • • •

Every man ought to stand on his feet.

Start running to this man or t every time you fall into difficulties you will soon be avoided for the p that you are.

Ask advice, if you know anybo who can give you the right kind, don't make small "touches" and get of temper when they are refused you.

Fall into the way of depending and those on whom you are depending will fall away from you.

If you have some knotty problem to solve, go to work on it and be y own advisor.

Above all, don't be one of the sni ffles of some "big" man or other, w run to him whenever you get int jam.

Start that, and you'll get into ser ious jam, and by and by the peop you expect to help you will snicker disappear around the corner when y see you coming.

• • • •

There is one person in the world whom you have a right to go when you don't know what to do about something or other.

That is yourself.

If you are always asking and takin advice, you will become an echo, a "p rot" parasite.

Life isn't going to be easy for yo if I read the right way, it is not for anybody.

Do your own thinking, your own pla and, Make your own way.

Never has there been a truly successful man who did not do exactly that.

Within the limitations that surround us all, you are your own boss.

Be that boss, and not a mere cow.

Human perversity will prompt you often to go the wrong way.

But you can go the right way.

And that is the only way you can take if you want to get the best of your existence.

• • • •

The new born baby begins life b struggling for his breath. And fro that time forth, he is struggling. The growing child soon discovers that he has many worse foes than himself.

Some of them are with his lessons others are with his playmates. One he wishes he could run away, but h can't.

He must gradually learn that a stra of war envelops all humanity.

After you have grown past earl boyhood you are continually engaged in one kind of a war or other, the most important of which is your own privat one.

That is the struggle with yourself, and we are informed on good authority that he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

• • • •

Most of the men with whom I h come acquainted in my years as a newspaper reporter were men self-made.

They have fought and won life's battle wars, a few with fists, but most of them with the power of mind.

They have had to engage in keen and gruelling competition with men whose wits, for all they knew, were quite as sharp as theirs.

To do that they had to discipline their wills and to widen their mental powers.

They had to take blows without whining, and to give as good as they got.

They had to learn to work first and to play afterward, and gradually that old fiend that work and play were mated the same thing, inasmuch as they both were competitions.

• • • •

The boy who is led in his early years to believe that he will be rich or great of and be provided for soon becomes a weakling.

He must learn to take cuffs and, in most circumstances, give them.

He must get much the same sort of training that an athlete does who is about to enter a competition.

Your private war is a war against you.

It entails self discipline, courage, a sense of humor and a high resolve to do everything you can to succeed, and be a square shooter all the time you are doing it.

This is a land of opportunity. But opportunity must be won and used. It has got out of the habit of knocking at people's doors.

Your private war is also the war for success. I believe you will do everything you can to win it.

Smart Daytime Fashions of Lace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

"Get over to Paris as quick as you can," McNamara Commanded.

A LACE epidemic is raging throughout the realm of fashion. You couldn't escape wearing lace if you would and you wouldn't if you could, not after you have seen the charming, smart and flattering apparel designers are creating of lace this season.

Not in all the centuries past has lace played so versatile a role as it is now playing. Fashion has decreed that we are not only to dine and to dance and attend functions of high degree clad in filmy, exquisitely patterned lace but we are to wear tailored lace in the daytime, as swimming and lace bathing suits, make our smartest sports clothes of lace tuned to the occasion. If we keep cool we are the mode our lace-gloved hands will keep handbags of lace. The newest number on the summer program is the all-lace hat; also capes, jackets and bolero wraps that are fashioned of lace.

The idea of lace used in a fabric way has been welcomed by designers as a new avenue of expression for their talents. The outstanding feature of the moment is the shirtwaist dress that is tailored of sheer cotton lace. It is smart in navy and other dark colors and it is adorable in the new pastel shades. The shirtwaist of this season will not be far spent ere the majority of us will be found about these flattering lace shirtwaist fashions. For a summer of travel and week-end visits a lace shirtwaist is ideal, for it packs without creasing or wrinkling and it looks smart wherever it goes in the daytime.

Lace has been shown in beautiful a-" striking creations at every Paris collection this season and our own American designers are equally as enthusiastic and exciting in their use of it. While lace is fashionable for every hour of the twenty-four, the big news about lace is its acceptance as a medium for practical daytime clothes. One of the most distinctive daytime lace costumes of the Paris season is shown to the right in the illustration. It is a Martial et Armand creation in answer to the call for an ensemble that would be appropriate for the races without having to resort to a formal full-length gown. A beautiful pattern of ecru in cotton lace was selected to pose ove. black silk. Both the dress and jacket are made of this combination of black all-silk crepe and lace. The black crepe dress is cut also for the belt which ties like a sash.

While the all-lac. theme is vastly important, it is not any more so than is that of lace used in a trimming way. Lace edgings and trimmings cannot be left out even in tailored wear. For instance Dilkusha tailors a blouse pictured to the left of navy blue chiffon using narrow white val lace on the sleeves and the cuffs and in rows in and down the front. In fact, all of the French designers are making voluminous use of val lace for trimming this season.

Speaking of lace sports fashions, you will be seeing one of the new jacket-wraps made of cotton lace in the color you like best. They are to be worn over lace and pique frocks this summer.

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Among best dressed followers of fashion gray is proving a favorite. Gray woolens fashioned into coats, suits and tailored street dresses make special appeal. The gray woolen dress pictured is typical of the sort of costumes worn by the smart set. The stunning cape is lined with red woolen and is detachable, in that it buttons on to the sleeves.

Smart Sport Suits

Little tailored Jackets with detail of pleats and fullness at the back in men's suiting, flannel or gabardine worn with odd skirts will constitute smart sports suits this spring.

Wrist Ruffles

Wrist ruffles are flaunting their graceful folds on some of the new and dressier blouses. They usually occur with jabots or ruffled collars.

GRAY IS MODISH

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

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NEW BLOUSES HAVE FEMININE ACCENTS

When considering blouses, remember they have gone feminine. Some of them are even made of chiffon. Soft lines, delicate colors, ruffles, all the typical feminine accents, make this season's styles.

For example, shirring is smart and new. Shirred collars, cuffs and pockets, shirred shoulders, even shirred sleeves, are among the most popular style notes. One of the smartest of these is shirred in black at the neckline, just as a peasant frock. But it doesn't stop there. Three rows of shirring are used to set the sleeves into the blouse.

Monograms to Be Popular With Maids This Season

The ultra-smart maid and matrons will bear labels this season.

Handsome monograms in the new modernistic letters are available for handbags and vanity cases.

There are beauties in beautifully wrought metal or wood or rhinestones for scarfs and the lapels of tailored suits.

There are broad metal bracelets with a gun side into which initials may be slipped, and a smart metal fob on the same principle. Even pull-on gloves are stamped with small initials especially designed for gloves.

Celluous Tissue Fabrics All Glitter Like Metal

Wonders no end! The new "glass fabric" heralded earlier in the year has been duplicated in several inclusive tissue fabrics for the style-right spring wardrobe.

The fabric is much like the tissue used in wrappings and has a mystifying effect when first seen. It is stiff as moire but very light in weight, it is durable, and glitters like metal cloth.

You'll find it in black, white and rainbow colors, and wear it in glamorous evening gowns, formal blouses and collar and cuff sets that lend a formal note to the street clothes for after noon.

Housewife's Idea Box

A Cake Tester

Many housewives like to test their cakes with a straw or toothpick. But you will find it much better to use a hatpin, sterilizing it first, of course. You can wash it easily and keep it in a handy place near your oven to use over and over again. There is no chance of its breaking.

THE HOUSEWIFE.

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Russian "Justice"

Sherwood Eddy, who has visited Russia six times under the existing government, says that no profession is made in that country of setting disputes upon a basis of absolute or of abstract justice. If the offender is a poor worker he is given a light sentence, if he is an intelligent or privileged citizen who should have known better, he is given a heavier punishment, but if he is a member of the Communist party he is given the maximum penalty of the law.

Mark Twain's Philosophy

If I had been living in the beginning of things I should have looked around the township to see what popular opinion thought of the murder of Abel before I publicly condemned Cain. I should have had my private opinion, of course, but I shouldn't have expressed it until I had felt the way.—Mark Twain.

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